

Pal. Look to thine owne well *Arcite*.

Fight againe. Hornes.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Perithous and traine.

Theseus. What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,
Are you? That gainst the tenor of my Lawes
Are making Battaile, thus like Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?
By Castor both shall dye.

Pal. Hold thy word *Theseus*,

We are certainly both Traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodnesse: I am *Palamon*
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Prison,
Thinke well, what that deserves; and this is *Arcite*
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground
A Falser neu'r seem'd friend: This is the man
Was begd and banish'd, this is he contemnes thee
And what thou dar'st doe; and in this disguise
Against this owne Edict followes thy Sister,
That fortunate bright Star, the faire *Emilia*
Whose servant, (if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soule to) justly
I am, and which is more, dares thinke her his.
This treacherie like a most trusty Lover,
I call'd him now to answer; if thou bee'st
As thou art spoken, great and vertuous,
The true descider of all injuries,
Say, Fight againe, and thou shalt see me *Theseus*
Doe such a Iustice, thou thy selfe wilt envie,
Then take my life, Ile wooe thee too't.

Per. O heaven,

What more then man is this!

Thes. I have sworne.

Arc. We seeke not

Thy breath of mercy *Theseus*, 'Tis to me
A thing as soone to dye, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,
Let me say thus much; if in love be Treason,
In service of so excellent a Beautie,

As

As I love most, and in that faith will perishe,
As I have brought my life here to confirme it,
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this Cosen, that denies it,
So let me be most Traitor, and ye please me:
For scorning thy Edict Duke, aske that Lady
Why she is faire, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if she say Traytor,
I am a villaine fit to lye unburied.

Pal. Thou shalt have pittie of us both, o *Theseus*,
If unto neither thou shew mercy, stop,
(As thou art just) thy noble care against us,
As thou art valiant; for thy Cosen's soule
Whose strong labours crowne his memory,
Lets die together, at one instant Duke,
Onely a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my Soule he shall not have her.

Thes. I grant your wish, for to say true, your Cosen
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy then you found, Sir, your offenses
Being no more then his: None here speake for 'em
For ere the Sun set, both shall sleepe for ever.

Hipol. Alas the pittie, now or never Sister
Speake not to be denide; That face of yours
Will beare the curses else of after ages
For these lost Cosen.

Emil. In my face deare Sister
I finde no anger to 'em; nor no ruyn,
The misadventure of their owne eyes kill 'em;
Yet that I will be woman, and have pittie,
My knees shall grow to'th ground but Ile get mercie.
Helpe me deare Sister, in a deede so vertuous,
The powers of all women will be with us,
Most royall Brother.

Hipol. Sir by our tye of Marriage.

Emil. By your owne spotlesse honour.

Hip. By that faith,
That faire hand, and that honest heart you gave me.

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Emil.